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FORMS.

TAKE any number of individuals, and ask them, one by one, if they despise forms, and probably nine out of ten will be found to acknowledge that they do. Yet social life is full of forms, and it seems to be the pleasure of society at large that forms of various kinds should be kept up. How should it happen that the general dictum on this point is so inconsistent with what appears to be the opinion of the great majority of individuals.

If we set ourselves seriously to find out the real value of forms, we shall quickly come to discern that, merely in maintaining regularity or uniformity, there is a utility in them. When there is a form of procedure for anything, it precludes dispute, and insures that the thing will be done with a certain decency agreeable to well-ordered minds. The form may impose a restraint where freedom is desired, and thus it may appear tyrannical; but if it saves at other times from confusion, it may be worth while to put up with occasional inconveniences. In many instances, going through the form may appear absolutely ridiculous, from the reality being already sanctioned, unresisted, and even performed by the common consent of all parties; yet it may be as well to go through the form for all that, seeing that, when this is never neglected, it acquires the greater force over men's minds, and may thus help to carry a point rightly when it would otherwise be but feebly supported. Forms are particularly necessary where a principle is to be carried out by a small body amidst a great multitude. For example, the law is everywhere in the hands of a small body. It can only be conducted when this small body is able to exercise a control over a large one. For this reason, apparently, it is invested and surrounded with forms of various kinds, from the system of process itself to the erection of the mace and the judge's wig. The old unvarying traditionary regularity of all its goings on gives it immense force with the multitude, and doubtless helps to make its behests be obeyed. The military and naval service is also full of forms, because there it is necessary to use every means of making a multitude pay implicit obedience to a small number. This principle is most strikingly seen in the last and highest case of all—monarchy. Some councillor objected to a king being so strict in the observance of forms. "What am I but a form myself!" was the answer, and a most sound one. Monarchy requires the most forms of all, because it is a *prestige* maintained in one person only against a whole people. It is said to have a divine hedge about it, and it would need it too.

But the main value of forms is perhaps to be found somewhat farther from the surface. Amidst the mysteries of our nature, there is a certain sympathetic or imitative influence, which makes us liable to be operated upon by the feelings which we see expressed by others. An orator weeps as he addresses us—we weep also. A commander puts on the appearance and uses the language of a hero before his men: they feel like heroes likewise. The contagiousness of all feelings, particularly under circumstances of unusual excitement, is a well-known law of human nature. But a feeling is not alone capable of being expressed in words. Every single feeling has its natural language independent of words—in look, in attitude, or in gesture. A skilful actor knows all these natural expressions of feeling, and can represent them in pantomime. They are instinctively recognised by us all—many of them even by infants; they are the same in all nations, and they pass down with unerring uniformity from age to age. Thus, the toss of the head which is dictated by disdain, the throwing back which expresses pride, the downcast look of bashfulness, the sidelong look of fear, the clasping of the hands which marks intreaty, the genuflexion and prostration into which humility is thrown before greatness, were probably expressions of those respective feelings in the first men on earth who experienced them, as well as they are now. We see physical agony in the Laocöon, fashioned upwards of two thousand years ago, as we would see it in any hospital patient of the present day. The Apollo is the representation of Graceful Triumph, and the Venus the impersonation of Beautiful Modesty, as truly as any living figures could be. This is, in fact, a speech to all men, the only universal free-masonry. There live none who can altogether set at nought the impressions which natural language makes. The very barbarians were awed when they entered the Roman senate. A long solemn procession of uniformly-dressed figures would impose upon the rudeness of the greatest savage. The natural language of perfect bravery in Murat awed the Cossacks. And even wild beasts are said—and we may well believe the fact—to have been repelled by a firm-set human countenance, expressing fearlessness and command. In the constant operation of this law, we obtain a tolerably good key to much of the effect of forms and ceremonials of all kinds. They are usually the natural language of some august, or amiable, or awful feeling, and men who behold are affected accordingly.

But we are not only liable to be affected by the feelings of others. When we ourselves simulate the natural language of any feeling, we are apt to be affected by it almost, if not quite, to the same extent as when we contemplate it in another. If we throw back the head like a proud man, we feel an emotion of pride, though the moment before we had no such sentiment in our minds. If we strut along brandishing a weapon, we feel somewhat like a hero for the moment. If we fall a-gazing on the evening star till the breeze brings water into our eyes, we presently become as pensive as if we really wept. All unequivocally great actors have, while upon the stage, felt the emotions which they represented, and even for some time before and after. It is, for example, related of Mrs Siddons, that, from the moment of her going into her carriage to proceed to the theatre, where she had to act a part, till her return home afterwards, she felt entirely as the person whom she was to represent, and could not without pain admit any other feeling into her mind. The celebrated French tragedian Baron, who was naturally timid, always felt as a hero for several days after he had performed any of the principal characters of Corneille's plays. These cases, though they may be thought extreme, are strictly natural, for Siddons and Baron may be presumed to have had more of impressionable and imitative in their mental constitutions than what belongs to ordinary persons. It is very much owing to this disposition that human beings, thrown into any particular society, or constrained to act any particular part in life, although at first they may feel repugnant, usually become reconciled at last, and in many instances conclude their days with vices of which they had originally no taint, the conforming to low manners and the performance of dubious acts having the inevitable effect of calling forth in them appropriate feelings, which in time become habitual, and perhaps predominant. So mighty is the power of natural language, when we only act it before our own understandings.

The application of the principle to many of the affairs of life must be obvious, even upon our imperfect explanation. With regard, for instance, to the forms of politeness, we can see in a moment how it must operate. The tones, phrases, and ritual, as it may be called, of the polite world, are nothing but the *natural language of benevolence*. We say, emphatically, they are what actual benevolence, in any cultivated mind, would directly prompt, and they can be mistaken for nothing else. This language often comes from a heart destitute of the real feeling; granted that such is the case. It is, nevertheless, true, that the great majority of persons, entering company in a state of perfect indifference to all and sundry, being immediately compelled, by the laws of society, to speak and act courteously—that is, to exhibit the natural language of benevolence—do in a little while feel *that* become a reality in their bosoms which was at first only a fiction in their external behaviour. It is rarely that any company assembles and spends an evening together, following all the time the rules of politeness, without feeling more warmly towards each other at the close than they were at the beginning. This is generally said to be the effect of *knowing* each other, but it is in reality chiefly attributable to a real feeling of good-will having been evoked or induced by that assumption of it which constitutes politeness. The semblance has been, to use a homely but expressive phrase, a *shoeing-horn* to the reality; and something has been created, and that a good something, out of nothing. How different it is when the rules are not observed by the company, or by some part of it! Suppose a failure in respect of kindly warmth of manner, all part coldly at last, without any one having made the least progress in another's good graces, or any one's feelings towards his fellow-creatures at large having been in the least improved. If the rules have been positively broken by the introduction of the natural language of malevolence, then the meeting ends in mutual ill-will and general discomfort. We thus see how important it is for human beings to meet each other occasionally, under sanction of the forms of politeness; it is evidently one of the grand means of promoting peace and good-will in the world. We see, too, how more than important it is for every person to submit implicitly to these forms, and maintain them, by his personal example and influence, to the minutest tittle. A schismatic on the score of sincerity—one who claims the privilege of speaking as he feels on all occasions, or takes a pride in being gruff or gloomy to all round, if such be his mood at the moment—is simply one who prefers to exhibit the natural language of bad feelings to exhibiting the natural language of good ones; and who, accordingly, for a selfish whim, chooses to raise a bad spirit instead of a good one—one of mutual repugnance instead of mutual kindness—amongst a certain portion of his fellow-creatures. Such persons should be hunted out of society, as being among its worst enemies. It is true, at the same time, that there are heartless persons, with good acting powers, who go through the forms of politeness without the least trace of the genuine feelings which they represent, giving, it may be said, the semblance without the substance. But this is from no fault in the principle to which we are adverting. These persons are incapable, in any circumstances, of the real feeling. They only can act, not feel; and though they were to appear in all their true colours every hour of the day, it would not mend the matter. It is with the great mass of ordinary natures that our principle manifests its utility. Investing themselves with the natural language of benevolence, or with the natural language of any other good feeling, they unavoidably experience some visiting of the feeling represented. The principle would equally act if they were to exhibit the natural language of bad feelings; but it is a remarkable fact, that there is no *form* of

the civilised world which represents a bad feeling. The drama of ostensible and legitimate social life comprehends no characters, acts, dresses, or decorations, which are not allied to virtue.

Not long ago, we received a letter from a friend—a man of decided ability—which commenced without the usual phrase, "Dear Sir," or any other to the like purpose, and concluded with the simple signature of his name. At the top of the first page was a printed note, stating that the writer hoped that his friends would excuse his addressing them in this manner, as it proceeded from no disrespect, but merely from a conviction in his mind that the usual phrases of superscription and subscription were ridiculous expletives, of no manner of use, and which therefore he retrenched. Upon the principle now laid down, this was a complete mistake. The phrases in question are often used by a mind that was perfectly indifferent the moment before to the person addressed. But the act of writing them must nevertheless do good. It is a fiction which induces a certain amount of the feeling which it simulates. It raises, also, good will in the person addressed. Any one will feel that such is the case, without following all this reasoning to prove it, if he only receives one of Mr ——'s letters, whether he be one of that gentleman's friends or not. We take leave to add the remark, that Mr ——'s mistake is one of a class prevalent amongst men of considerable ability, who see something which they think wrong in the surface of things, but cannot penetrate deep enough to detect the occult reasons which make that something right. We suspect that clownish, thoughtless, human nature does better in the main by itself, following its own instinctive tendencies, than if it were under the conduct of a committee of its very cleverest specimens.

The forms so universally used in worship are to be defended on the same grounds. Religious feeling has its natural language; submission is expressed by kneeling, solemnity by a composure of the countenance, imploration by the folding or clasping of the hands; the non-dependence on self, which is one of the first dictates of religion, finds a proper external expression in a lowly attitude and downcast look. When these expressions of feelings are simulated, the actual feeling itself, if it be not present already, is apt to be induced, and the object is of course far better gained than it would be if looks and gestures expressive of indifference or of the opposite feelings were maintained. The utility which some find in music as an aid to devotion depends on the same principle. All the feelings find a natural language in music, and the religious feeling among the rest. It is expressed in deep and solemn tones, whether of the voice or of such an instrument as the organ; and when these tones are given forth, it is scarcely possible even for the most hardened to resist experiencing the actual feeling of which they are the language.

What is here written will perhaps be considered as throwing some light on the adage—"Assume a virtue if you have it not." When this is done, one of two results must follow. In some cases, the virtue will be assumed in vain as far as the person assuming it is concerned, owing to the incapability of his nature of really exemplifying it. It will not, however, be in vain for society, for it is better for the multitude to see the appearances of virtue than the opposite. In the great majority of cases, as we believe, the act of assuming a virtue will be attended with some indication of the real feeling, partly through the above principle, and partly from one which holds a powerful sway over all uncorrupted minds. There is an inclination constantly experienced by such minds to *be* that which they *seem*. Hypocrisy is with them a painful sensation, from which they are always anxious to escape. Even when forced, by some tyrannical compulsion, to act upon opinions opposite to their own, they will endeavour, if possible, to adopt those opinions rather than have their conduct out of harmony with their inward feelings. How much more powerful will this tendency be when they are called upon to assume a part which their understanding pronounces to be in all respects laudable! It must be well, then, where any one possesses an influence over his fellow-creatures, to use it, under proper limitations, in inducing them to assume the virtues which they have not, and adopt the forms which present the semblance of the better feelings. Only let influence not be used tyrannically, and due care be taken not to degrade good feelings by a system of hardened hypocrisy, and nothing but good can flow from such exertions.

VENTRILOQUISM.

This is the name generally given to a well-known art, which consists in speaking in such a manner that the bystanders believe the voice to proceed from a person different from the speaker, or from a place at a distance from him. It was formerly believed that the practisers of this art spoke from the belly, and hence the name of ventriloquism. This is now known to be an error, but the name is nevertheless too fixed in the public mind to be easily unseated or changed. The art would appear to have been practised in remote times, as a form of divination, and called *gastromancy*. In the early ages of Christianity, this was a prevalent mode of imposition. It was perhaps for this reason that the authors of the various translations of the Bible, called the Septuagint and Vulgate, then executed, rendered the Hebrew *ob*, applied to those who had familiar spirits, respectively by the words *engastrimuthos* and *ventriloquus*, meaning speakers by the belly. St Chrysostom and Œcumenius make mention of diviners who were called *Engastrimandri*, a word pointing to the same mode of deception. It is easy to conceive how, in those ages, when the populace were so easily deceived by anything transcending the common powers of understanding, any one possessing this power of speech would be tempted to use it in the way of imposture for his own advantage.

Engastrimism was believed to be a demon in the belly till the end of the seventeenth century, when Conrad Amman, a Dutch doctor of medicine, published a treatise to disprove that notion, and establish that it was a natural power which consisted in swallowing the speech, or making it run backward; that is to say, in speaking during the drawing in of the breath, and not, as usual, during expiration. It was not till a later period that any treatise on the subject, founded on actual investigation, was given to the world. This was first done in 1772 by M. de Chapelle, a learned Parisian, who had had opportunities of observing the practice of two highly-skilled ventriloquists—a Baron Mengen in the household of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, and a person of the name of Saint Gille, a grocer at St Germain-en-Laye, near Paris. The baron's account of himself is in substance this—"That he owed his art to a passion, which showed itself in him at a very early age, to counterfeit the cries of animals and the voices of persons; and he soon found that he had the power of imitating sounds in such a way as to give them the appearance of coming from points different from his own mouth; that his organs gained flexibility by use, so as to be able to sustain a long illusion. For the sake of amusing his friends, he made a small figure or doll, with a contrivance with which, by inserting his hand under the dress, he could occasion appropriate motion of the lips; with this figure, from which he could make his voice to appear to come, he carried on droll and often highly-satirical conversations. His own words, describing the kind of vocal exertion he made, are as follows:—'I press my tongue strongly against my teeth and left cheek, and the voice, which appears articulated by the mouth of the figure, is formed in reality between the teeth and left cheek of my own. For this I use the precaution to *hold in reserve* in the windpipe (*le gosier**) a sufficient portion of air either to sing or speak, without the stomach or belly giving any assistance; and it is solely with that portion of air in reserve, *moderated*, retained, and suffered to escape with effort, that I produce the voice which I wish to make heard. Add to that a *quality in my tongue extremely subtile* and rarely possessed, by means of which I articulate all syllables and words (either singing or speaking), without in the least moving the lips; and taking great care to retain to the end of each period, phrase, or sentence, the air which comes from the *lungs* for the renewing of my respiration, *which requires a very good chest*.'

The theory of M. de la Chapelle, as confirmed by the Academy, is in substance as follows:—The *same* sound varies in its effect on the ear, according to the distance or place from which it comes. But every sound, as it reaches the ear, is a sound that may be imitated. A power of imitating sounds, which we are all accustomed to refer to certain distances and certain situations, is the whole art of ventriloquism. It is worthy of remark, that by custom the illusion lost its effect on M. de la Chapelle—he referring the words to the mouth of the speaker, which all others referred to distant points. The members of the Academy commissioned to make the inquiry with M. de la Chapelle, compare this gradation of sound to the imitations of distance in the symphonies of the opera; the distance being judged by the first sound heard, diminishes in appearance as the sounds become fainter.

The savans, satisfied that the effect produced was *imitation* of the sounds appropriate to certain distances, applied themselves to investigate the nature of the organic power which produced this effect,—and they referred it to a power acquired by habit over the larynx, by which it could be readily shut and opened to the required degree, with the additional power, from flexibility of tongue, to articulate within the mouth, or even in the back part of it. The constriction and expansion of the larynx they believed to be very fatiguing, and attended with hoarseness after a lengthened exertion."

Towards the close of the last century a very dexterous ventriloquist, of the name of Garbutt, exhibited his powers in various parts of England and Scotland. He usually endeavoured to fix the attention of his audience, in the first place, upon the spot from which he was to represent the sounds as proceeding—as, for instance, upon the place under the benches on which they sat, or the spot under an inverted glass. In our own city, he played off one or two amusing practical jests in public. Seeing a fish-woman selling a fish at a gentleman's door, and alleging, in the usual style, that it was *living caller*, or only taken out of the sea that morning, he instantly caused the fish itself to exclaim against her lying declaration, and assert that it had not seen the Firth of Forth for a week. On another occasion, seeing an honest unthinking rustic driving a load of hay, he caused a voice as of a child to proceed from the interior of the hay, declaring that it had been covered over there, and was on the point of being smothered. The poor man heard with consternation, and with all haste unloaded his hay on the road, and it was not till the last armful was thrown out, that an imp's laugh proclaimed the success of the deception.

Ventriloquism was among the varied powers of the late admirable Mathews, and it has been practised of late years as a comic entertainment by many persons of less note; but modern times have seen no artist of this kind comparable to Monsieur Alexandre, a native of Paris, born in 1797, and who exhibited his talents about seventeen or eighteen years ago in the principal cities of Europe and America. Alexandre was universally acknowledged to be a well-bred, respectable young man, and his pleasant manners everywhere secured him an affectionate regard beyond what his mere talents could have procured for him. It says something for his industry and general intellect that he exhibited in six or eight different languages, to suit the various European nations amongst whom he sojourned. His entertainments, which usually took place in ordinary theatres, consisted of short comic pieces, in which he was the sole actor, but always under a great variety of characters. One of these pieces he performed in English for six months, before he had learned the language so as to understand what he was uttering, and it is said that his mistakes were extremely few. The best account which perhaps exists of this remarkable man was one drawn up while he was in Edinburgh by a learned gentleman belonging to the sect of phrenologists, to whom so amazing an example of the imitative power naturally became an interesting subject of study. Of this able paper we present an abridgment, trusting that to many the attempts to explain and rationalise the wonders of M. Alexandre's exhibition will only be a recommendation.

"We shall endeavour," says this writer, "to describe what we saw as minutely as we observed it narrowly. He performed a sort of drama, the hero of which is a clever young rogue, in the service of an old physic-taking valetudinarian and his careful fantastical wife, upon whom he perpetrates all sorts of mischievous tricks, both in revenge of his own short-commons, and in furtherance of a scheme, for which he is well paid, to unite the only daughter to a very agreeable young officer of infantry. Without merit as a comedy, the incidents of this piece (some of them very ludicrous) afforded him the means of exhibiting every variety of his vocal illusion. He represents the whole characters, male and female, young and old, himself; and, besides displaying an address and quickness which we never saw exceeded, he changed his dress at least thirty or forty times, with a rapidity which appears almost preternatural; so that the deception is perfect, that the whole *dramatis personæ* are bustling and talking at the same moment.

His change of dress is not, however, more complete than his change of manner, voice, and whole character. He spoke with his own natural voice in the valet; with a deep strong voice in the old man; in a whining, and chattering, and most affected voice in the lady; with a *degagé*, easy style in the dandy officer; and with the softest tripping femininism in the dandy's beloved. Of all these, he maintained the character with such judgment and effect as to convince us that his histrionic powers—his talents as an actor—are very considerable.

As it is of great moment for our phrenological tests in the sequel to keep steadily in view the power of imitation, we may here mention a sort of interlude which M. Alexandre performed, in which he manifested his possession of that talent, with the farther power of concealing self, to a degree of intensity which, till we saw them, we could not have believed possible. He exhibited the visages, voices, and manners of several different nuns of a convent, where he is supposed to have served outside the grate. He is first a pretty noviciate endeavouring to sing, but covered with bashfulness. In an instant he is the angry abbess chiding her pupil, with a face as round, as flat, and as pitted as a split muffin, and a voice to suit. Anon, he rises like a ghost from the ground, attired as Sister Beatrice, with a face double the length of the average of the human countenance. Down he sits again, and shows a face as preternaturally broad as the other was long, just above the level of the table, the said face being the index to the soul of Sister Agnes. A visage reduced to the size of a man's fist now peeps from the hood of Sister Angelina. The next face is all gone off to the east, its successor to the west, till he concludes with Sister Celestine's lamentable paralytic deformity, an exhibition greatly too like reality not to be painful to the spectators. His other personations, amounting to an absolute change of identity before our eyes, are quite sufficient to establish him as the most wonderful personator that ever exhibited.

M. Alexandre's vocal exhibition consisted of two very obviously distinguishable parts:—First, his mere imitations, or changes of voice to suit the different characters in which he appeared on the stage, in which he meant no farther illusion, and left the audience to take the personage in their sight for the speaker. In this it is obvious there was comic imitation, but none of the illusion more strictly called ventriloquism. To this class belong his imitations of animals and inanimate things, as a plane, a screw, a saw, an omelet frying, &c. Secondly, his ventriloquial efforts. In these he produced the effect of persons speaking from a distance; from the other side of a door, both shut

* This is physically impossible; and the baron afterwards shows that he means the lungs or chest.

and open; from a trunk also alternately open and shut; from a chimney-top; and from a cellar, with gradation of the voice as the person in the chimney and cellar ascended or descended. With his ventriloquial exertions alone we have to do here; and in these the illusion of confinement, freedom, distance, and gradual approach and recession, was complete.

We were not disappointed in our hopes to obtain M. Alexandre's own account of his singular powers. He assured us—1. That his voice does not come from his stomach or belly, in which, as he said in ridicule, he has neither tongue nor teeth, and against which inelegant region he has a sort of ill-will, for having occasioned the disgusting as well as absurd name of ventriloquism to an art which is merely vocal illusion. He wished to have offered himself in England as a professor of vocal illusion; but was advised that John Bull loves the marvellous, and would rather give his money to see a man who can speak with his stomach than one who avowedly can only speak with his mouth.

2. That he possesses uncommon power and flexibility in the organs of speech: he can extend and contract the larynx or windpipe, which has great muscular strength, so as to produce all the gradations from a bass voice of great power to the shrillest squeak; and his tongue has a degree of flexibility and power of change of shape and position in the mouth which enable him to do anything with it he pleases. The exertion, he says, does not exhaust or fatigue him.

3. He is not conscious of speaking even during expiration; certainly he does not speak during *inspiration* upon any occasion. When he speaks *en ventriloque*, he is not aware that he breathes at all, but seems to use a confined supply of air, which he retains in his chest till the period is finished, when he breathes again. He must, however, although unconsciously, expend it in expiration as he speaks. This seems proved by what follows next.

4. That he can ventriloquise *with his lips shut*.

5. That he cannot articulate the labial consonants *m*, *b*, and *p*, without using the lips. When he uses these consonants, therefore, he turns away his face from the person he wishes to deceive. He endeavours as much as possible to avoid the labials, and then he can speak without the slightest movement of the lips or any muscle of the face.

6. That he makes no use of echoes existing, much less does he create any, such a thing being far beyond human power. He scrupulously avoids places where echoes already exist, and this is the first thing he tries.

7. That he deceives the audience into the belief of the direction of the sound, entirely by previously fixing the direction, and trusting (which he never does in vain) to their imagination for the rest. He says, when he has fairly frightened people, which he has often done, he has no farther trouble; which way soever he looks, that becomes the direction of the dreaded sounds. He once horrified a party of visiters to the embalmed bodies of the Prince and Princess of Lignitz, in Silesia, in the vault in which they had lain 230 years. He first declared himself 250 years old, and that he was present at the interment, and then made the prince and princess complain of want of air, in consequence of an order of the magistracy to prevent the coffin being opened to gratify public curiosity. The attendants, in consternation, made no attempt to prevent him from opening the coffins, for which service he received the grateful thanks of the prince and princess therein reposing, and an inconvenient quantity of holy water to exorcise him as he came out of the vault.

Last of all, M. Alexandre declares that he has a ready perception of the varieties of sound, according to distances; and that each distance having its own specific sound, he imitates the sound as it is when it reaches his own ear. He has particularly studied this power of graduation, and has repeatedly imitated a person's voice who spoke at intervals as he receded above 300 yards. He has likewise sent a chimney-sweeper up a vent, with instructions to speak down every few yards, and has imitated the voice in its gradations so exactly, that the persons in the room could not tell which was his and which the chimney-sweeper's. On one occasion, in Vienna, at Prince Metternich's hotel, he hung a rope from the window of an apartment on the third floor from the ground, to which a weight was suspended to serve for a man, whom he undertook to pull up, and with whom he conversed every yard or two as he pulled the rope, the voice of the man gradually getting plainer, till he was at the window-sill, when, all at once, M. Alexandre allowed the rope to slip, and down went the poor man with a scream, and many a groan as he lay, knocked to pieces, on the ground. The company were terrified, and it required a clear exposition of the illusion to restore their composure.

He gave no other account of his change of countenance in the nuns, quack-doctor, &c., than that his endeavour was to conceal himself, and imitate, or, as near as possible *be*, another person. He has often disguised himself by this means when he wished not to be known. Aware of the severe trial to which such exertions must put the nerves of voluntary motion, and the subservient muscles, we asked him if he has no fears of some permanent set in these hideous forms! He answered that, at Manchester, he did remain the quack-doctor some hours longer than he intended. He can remain voluntarily for a great length of time so metamorphosed."

M. Alexandre, in leaving Scotland, visited Abbotsford, where he entertained Sir Walter Scott and some of his friends with such success, that next morning the illustrious minstrel inserted the following lines in an album carried by the mimic:—

"Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folks say to you, who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood you last night show'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch-deceiver! and tell us, in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child? or a dog, or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead implement too?
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw.
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be, at the least, Alexandre *and Co.*
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot-act, and bid you disperse!"

BETY AMBOS.

Mrs Jameson, during a tour in Germany, accidentally met with a young woman returning home from the execution of a similar errand with that of the heroine Elizabeth, described so pathetically by Madame Cottin in her "Exiles of Siberia." There was, however, one striking difference between the two cases—Elizabeth was poor, while Bety Ambos, the German heroine, was rich. Yet, though the possession of wealth diminished some of the difficulties of the undertaking, it scarcely perhaps lessened the greatness of the moral worth; since it cannot be denied, that those who are accustomed to poverty are less alarmed at the prospect of its evils than the rich, who, reared amidst comforts and luxuries, have never encountered physical evils and privations.

Mrs Jameson describes herself, when travelling to Frankfort, as attracted by the appearance of a female who alighted, amongst many other travellers, from a post-coach; her dress was extremely rich, her figure fine, and her countenance pretty, with a decided frank and good-humoured expression; her age appeared to be about two or three and twenty; her manner evinced innocence and modesty, mingled with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to travel. She appeared to be an object of great interest to the persons of the house; and, after some little time, Mrs Jameson found that she was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from the wilds of Siberia. At a subsequent period, they again met at Frankfort, when Mrs Jameson renewed her acquaintance with her, and conveyed her in her carriage to Mayence, where she learned her whole history, which she gives with an apology for a failure of recollection respecting some of the names, dates, and circumstances, and with a promise that she will not supply these defects from her own imagination, adding—"Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, and the grace and vivacity of gesture with which the relation was made by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give no idea."

The following account is slightly altered from Mrs Jameson's narration:—

Bety Ambos was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant, of Deuxponts or Zweibrücken, the capital of the provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria lying on the left bank of the Rhine. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him as being not only the pride of his family but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled in the capacity of secretary. It appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became Professor of Theology in the University of Courland, at Riga, or somewhere near it. Henri was at this time aged about twenty-eight.

Here he fell deeply in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant, and endeavoured to convert the object of his affection: her relatives discovering their correspondence, the Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover; they, however, met in secret, and he prevailed upon her to change her faith and to fly with him beyond the frontiers, there to be baptised and to become his wife. Their plan was frustrated; they were pursued and overtaken by her relatives and the police. The Jews are protected at Riga, and the affair was brought before the tribunal, where Henri was accused of carrying off the girl by force. He defended himself by declaring that she had fled with him by her own free will, that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father, on the part of his daughter, denied this, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many objections, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered, in a faint voice, "No." "Had, then, violence been used to carry her off?" "Yes." "Was she a Christian?" "No." "Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?" "No." On hearing these replies, so different from the truth and from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information or redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; and his mother, who persisted in hoping while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearying suspense. At length, in the beginning of 1833, a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned; and who besought him, with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

The feelings which this intelligence excited must be left to the reader's imagination. A family council was held, and it was determined that application should be made to the police authorities at St Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri, and that a petition in his favour should be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone, on her long and perilous journey; and receiving her mother's blessing, she silently vowed that she would not return alive without her brother's pardon. She entertained no doubt of success, because she was resolved to succeed. She had health and strength, and feared nothing. She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend, the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with much harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to intreaties; but he was inexorable, and added, brutally, "Your brother was a villain; he ought not to be pardoned; and if I were the emperor, I would not pardon him." She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—"I call God to witness that my brother was innocent; and I thank God you are not the emperor, for I can still hope." The minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?" "Yes," she replied; "you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the emperor." Thus she left him, without even a curtsy, though he followed her, speaking loud and angrily, to the door.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers—for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition—she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite at reviews, at the theatre, and on the way to church; invariably beaten back by the guards or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story and invited her to their houses, was a countess whose name is not recorded. This lady, perceiving the despair of her young friend, proposed to lend her on the next day her equipage, servants, and robes, when she should drive to the palace, and, under the name of the countess (who dared not present the petition herself for fear of exile), obtain an audience of the emperor. Overpowered with gratitude, Bety threw herself at the feet of the countess, unable to speak; and though the thought crossed her mind that the deception might risk the safety of her friend, she dismissed the idea, for she had resolved to obtain her brother's pardon at every hazard. This plan was soon arranged; and at the time appointed she drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lacqueys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, but suddenly started back.

Bety had, fortunately, no dread of rank or power; her heart did not fail her; she sprang forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—"Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!" "Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?" He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers; and overcome, even by her own hopes, she burst into tears, and said—"May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henry Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon—pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. Oh, imperial majesty! pardon my poor brother!" Still kneeling, with one hand she held out the petition and papers, while with the other she pressed the skirt of his embroidered robe to her lips. Not heeding the emperor's command to rise, she still held out the papers; at last, apparently much moved, he extended one hand towards her, and taking the papers with the other, said, "Rise, mademoiselle; I command you to rise." Kissing his hand, and weeping, she intreated him to read the paper. He replied, "I will read it." Bety then rose from the ground, and, as he read the petition, eagerly watched his countenance; it changed, and he once or twice exclaimed, "Is it possible! This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper; and, without any observations on its contents, said, at once, "Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned." The poor girl, scarcely knowing what she said, but with the words ringing in her ears, again fell at the emperor's feet, and poured out her gratitude and blessings.

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise ——, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to do this, because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her out from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery, on the part of the officers of government. Her sufferings during the next few days were fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a kind of delirium; but her composure soon returned, for just five days after her interview with the emperor, a lacquey, in the imperial livery, came to her lodging, and put a packet into her hands, with the emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos. It was her brother's pardon, signed and sealed by the emperor. Those mean officials, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands. She determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of the glad tidings; she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

According to her description, the town in Siberia to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. Mrs Jameson says, "I could not well make out the situation of either; and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer." After leaving Moscow, she travelled for seven days and seven nights, sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights. Her sensations, as she was rapidly whirled over the wide solitary plains, were so new and strange, that at times her head seemed to turn (so she described it); she could scarcely credit her own identity. On waking in the middle of the night, alone, and unable immediately to collect her thoughts, she experienced a temporary feeling of fear, but never at any other time. Twice, only, did she meet with insult; and although she spoke of her journey as horrible, yet there were anticipations of a happiness which made all fatigues light and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, "I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—is dead." Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

She had travelled thus far to seek a brother, and found but his grave. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The taskwork, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! She was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity. A great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls and the ring which had first caught Mrs Jameson's attention. The emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. He even presented her to the empress. Mrs Jameson asked—"What did the empress say to you?" "Nothing; but she looked so" (drawing herself up).

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but since that time she had not written. She had not courage to inflict a blow which might affect her mother's life; it remained for her to tell what she dared not write.

She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathised in her affliction. She had resolved to see the Jewess who had been the cause of all her brother's misfortunes; she felt that to say to her, "Your falsehood has done this," would be a source of satisfaction; but her brother's friends persuaded her that such an act could do Henri no good, that it was wrong, that it was unchristian; she yielded, and left Riga.

Having reached the Prussian frontiers, she stopped at the custom-house, where, on searching her packages, the chief officer, observing her address on a trunk, exclaimed, "Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?" On hearing that she was his sister, the officer explained that he was the intimate friend of her brother, and inquired what had become of him. In learning his unhappy fate, the officer with tears expressed his commiseration, and pressed on Mademoiselle Ambos offers of service and hospitality; but her impatience to reach home increased hourly, and her funds were getting low. The driver had heard her relate the sad story to the officer; and on stopping at the next town to feed his horses, he came to the door of the carriage, and informed her she had just missed seeing the Jewess lady, who, with her sister and her sister's husband, had passed in a caleche. What followed must be read with an allowance for continental feelings and the peculiar excitability of one who had gone through such tremendous trials. Bety ordered the driver to drive back as fast as possible to the custom-house, where she knew the party would be delayed. On reaching it, she saw a caleche; trembling with agitation and emotion, she went up to it. Two ladies were sitting within; and addressing the most beautiful, she asked, "Are you Mademoiselle de S——?" Her manner was probably strange and startling, for the lady addressed replied, in a frightened manner, "I am—who are you?—and what do you want with me?" On hearing this reply, she said, "I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered." The lady screamed aloud, and some men ran from the house. Holding fast by the carriage door, Bety continued—"I am not come to hurt you; but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him." Having uttered other fearful expressions, while the lady stared at her with a ghastly expression, she fell into a fit, and was carried into the house of the custom-house officer, her brother's friend, and laid on a bed. On recovering her senses, the caleche and all were gone, and she herself proceeded on her journey. The scene which had occurred appeared so strange, so *like* a dream, that, on reaching Berlin, she wrote to the officer of the customs, to beg that he would attest that it was really true.

Mrs Jameson parted with this interesting girl at Mayence, after seeing the pardon and many other documents, all proving the truth of the story, even to the minutest particulars. Here the relation ends. Whatever her subsequent fate, however severe her own disappointments, and the fresh trial that awaited her in breaking the melancholy news to her mother, the reader feels that Mademoiselle Ambos was supported by the greatest of all consolations—the consciousness of duty well performed.

HINTS FOR PICTURE CRITICISM.

Exhibitions of the works of living artists are spreading over the country, particularly into the manufacturing districts, where it is understood there is occasionally a good deal of wall requiring the proper covering. It must be very annoying to the conductors of country newspapers, when, after living happily for years without knowing anything of pictures, like Goldsmith's professor who knew nothing of Greek, they find themselves suddenly called upon to exhibit taste and learning in the fine arts, in order to convey to their readers proper information and sound criticism on the various works of art which have been hung up for show in their town. For persons of this class, it is evidently desirable that there should be some instructions afforded in the art of writing proper criticisms on the works of the pencil and brush; that is to say, not merely such empty common-places as—"So-and-so is a rising artist," and "The Blind Beggar is perhaps the finest work of art in the room," but real, deep, knowing-looking criticism, which will pass muster with the general public, and advance, or at least support, the character of the paper. Now, such instruction we believe we shall be able in some measure to present, by a sketch of the system of Tom Barker, as confessed to by himself.

Tom was a tradesman in a provincial city, who chose to support by his pen a certain specimen of the free and independent British press, called "The —— Herald." He had been contented for many years to contribute letters on neglected crossings and pavement-encumbering apple-women; but when an exhibition of pictures was set up in his native town, he had at length risen to be a critic on works of art. The editor of the newspaper which he patronised looked constantly to him for a series of articles on the pictures exhibited; and, to do Tom justice, his criticisms were drawn up in a very imposing manner. Artists alternately capered with joy, or were sunk in despair, according as the "Herald" praised or condemned one of their productions. Tom's criticisms became noted articles, and for years no one ventured to dissent from his authority. Many of the leading artists were so sensible of the value of having Tom's good word, that they would occasionally send him bits and first draughts gratuitously, all of which he hung up in his parlour to let his ignorant neighbours know what a great man he was. When any of them were particularly anxious to secure Tom's approbation, they would invite him to their studios, and consult him about the proper management of the subject which they were handling; and it oftener than once happened that he ruined their picture by taking up a brush, and in his cool way rubbing out a considerable group with which he professed to be displeased. Considering the eminence which this gentleman attained, it seems pretty clear that a full and particular exposition of the means by which he became a critic of pictures will serve to illuminate those who have occasion to write on that subject without having given it any previous study.

Tom gave a full account of his art as a picture-critic to a friend who had one day treated him to a remarkably good dinner. A sufficiency of champagne, followed up by a competency of Burgundy, had opened his heart, or perhaps rather lulled asleep his caution, and he gave his confessions with an air which, it is to be feared, was not quite free of the spirit of boasting. "How did I become a critic of pictures, say you? why, I will tell you. The fact is, my dear fellow, I know little or nothing of art; and how could I? But I know something that is better; I know all the technical terms which the artists employ. My first business was to pick these up; after that it was all smooth sailing. You may turn critic to-morrow if you only follow my plan. Look you," said he, his bright eyes twinkling like stars, "if you would wish ever to be a critic, you must have your vocabulary at your finger ends. I would have you begin with a few simples, such as breadth, depth, light, shade, cast, style, tone, energy, purity, outline, repose, unobtrusive, fore-shorten, and, above all, chiaro-oscuro—that is a term sure to tell. And, then, you must have your list of compounds—correct outline, admirably contrasted, felicity of expression, clear and transparent, dark and gloomy, skilfully blended, grace and dignity, fineness of thought, harmony of colouring, breadth of expression, sweetness of tint, easy and flowing pencil, exuberant foliage, admirable study, grand relief, splendour diffused, juxtaposition, boldness of fore-shortening, exquisite morceaux! And then, my boy," he continued, whipping off a bumper with the rapidity of lightning—"And then, my boy, you must be pre-

pared with your choice bits, such as—touched with inexpressible fire and spirit, great richness and vigourousness of colouring, delightful union of harmony, chiaro-oscuro wonderful and effective, grand perspective beauty, nothing better conceived or more happily executed, grounds charmingly broken, coloured with great sweetness, designed with infinite ease, grace, or anything—accustomed boldness of decision, fine receding of the objects—an elegance in the whole which perfectly conceals the poverty of—why any thing. And observe, my dear boy, when you are presented with a grand performance which you cannot understand, just conclude with—a degree of boldness bordering on temerity." The auditor thought that the famous critic would have halted here; but no—he was not done yet. There were the requisite cuts and banters, such as—"faulty in expression, injudiciously introduced, out of keeping, want of relief, slovenly production, offensively gaudy, careless of reputation, somewhat awkward and constrained, not exempt from vice of mannerism, fore-shortening monstrous, an abortion, a painted absurdity—a what!" Finally, to crown all, a few of his sly rubs in the way of advice, only one of which is remembered, and that, probably, from its almost ridiculous affectation of expression. It was to this effect. "This artist might have even added to the perfection of this his *chef-d'œuvre*, had he been a *little more sparing of his yellow!* And now," said Tom, flourishing his glass, "if you can recollect but one half of this lecture, you may dub yourself a genuine critic to-morrow morning."

We leave the gentlemen of the press to fructify upon the hint.

SANATORY CONDITION OF THE LABOURING POPULATION.

CONCLUSIONS.

We trust it will scarcely be deemed superfluous to quote in this place the conclusions at which Mr Chadwick arrives at the close of his Sanatory Report. If any of our readers have overlooked the three articles given in preceding numbers of the Journal on that subject, we earnestly intreat their attention to them; but alike for those who have, and those who have not read these articles, the following still more brief and expressive summary will be worthy of a careful perusal:—

"*First, as to the extent and operation of the evils which are the subject of the inquiry:*—

That the various forms of epidemic, endemic, and other disease caused, or aggravated, or propagated chiefly amongst the labouring classes by atmospheric impurities produced by decomposing animal and vegetable substances, by damp and filth, and close and overcrowded dwellings, prevail amongst the population in every part of the kingdom, whether dwelling in separate houses, in rural villages, in small towns, or in the larger towns, as they have been found to prevail in the lowest districts of the metropolis.

That such disease, wherever its attacks are frequent, is always found in connexion with the physical circumstances above specified; and that where those circumstances are removed by drainage, proper cleansing, better ventilation, and other means of diminishing atmospheric impurity, the frequency and intensity of such disease are abated; and where the removal of the noxious agencies appears to be complete, such disease almost entirely disappears.

That high prosperity in respect to employment and wages, and various and abundant food, have afforded to the labouring classes no exemptions from attacks of epidemic disease, which have been as frequent and as fatal in periods of commercial and manufacturing prosperity as in any others.

That the formation of all habits of cleanliness is obstructed by defective supplies of water.

That the annual loss of life from filth and bad ventilation is greater than the loss from death or wounds in any wars in which the country has been engaged in modern times.

That of the 43,000 cases of widowhood, and 112,000 cases of destitute orphanage relieved from the poor's rates in England and Wales alone, it appears that the greatest proportion of deaths of the heads of families occurred from the above specified and other removeable causes; that their ages were under 45 years; that is to say, 13 years below the natural probabilities of life, as shown by the experience of the whole population of Sweden.

That the public loss from the premature deaths of the heads of families is greater than can be represented by any enumeration of the pecuniary burdens consequent upon their sickness and death.

That, measuring the loss of working ability amongst large classes by the instances of gain, even from incomplete arrangements for the removal of noxious influences from places of work or from abodes, this loss cannot be less than eight or ten years.

That the ravages of epidemics and other diseases do not diminish, but tend to increase the pressure of population.

That in the districts where the mortality is the greatest, the births are not only sufficient to replace the numbers removed by death, but to add to the population.

That the younger population, bred up under noxious physical agencies, is inferior in physical organisation and general health to a population preserved from the presence of such agencies.

That the population so exposed is less susceptible of moral influences, and the effects of education are more transient than with a healthy population.

That these adverse circumstances tend to produce an adult population short-lived, improvident, reckless, and intemperate, and with habitual avidity for sensual gratifications.

That these habits lead to the abandonment of all the conveniences and decencies of life, and especially lead to the overcrowding of their homes, which is destructive to the morality as well as the health of large classes of both sexes.

That defective town-cleansing fosters habits of the most abject degradation, and tends to the demoralisation of large numbers of human beings, who subsist by means of what they find amidst the noxious filth accumulated in neglected streets and by-places.

That the expenses of local public works are in general unequally and unfairly assessed, oppressively and uneconomically collected, by separate collections; wastefully expended in separate and inefficient operations by unskilled and practically irresponsible officers.

That the existing law for the protection of the public health, and the constitutional machinery for reclaiming its execution, such as the Courts Leet, have fallen into desuetude, and are in the state indicated by the prevalence of the evils they were intended to prevent.

Secondly, As to the means by which the present sanatory condition of the labouring-classes may be improved:—

The primary and most important measures, and at the same time the most practicable, and within the recognised province of public administration, are drainage, the removal of all refuse of habitations, streets, and roads, and the improvement of the supplies of water.

That the chief obstacles to the immediate removal of decomposing refuse of towns and habitations, have been the expense and annoyance of the hand-labour and cartage requisite for the purpose.

That this expense may be reduced to one-twentieth or to one-thirtieth, or rendered inconsiderable, by the use of water and self-acting means of removal by improved and cheaper sewers and drains.

That refuse, when thus held in suspension in water, may be most cheaply and innoxiously conveyed to any distance out of towns, and also in the best form for productive use, and that the loss and injury by the pollution of natural streams may be avoided.

That for all these purposes, as well as for domestic use, better supplies of water are absolutely necessary.

That for successful and economical drainage, the adoption of geological areas as the basis of operations is requisite.

That appropriate scientific arrangements for public drainage would afford important facilities for private land-drainage, which is important for the health as well as sustenance of the labouring-classes.

That the expense of public drainage, of supplies of water laid on in houses, and of means of improved cleansing, would be a pecuniary gain, by diminishing the existing charges attendant on sickness and premature mortality.

That for the protection of the labouring-classes, and of the rate-payers against inefficiency and waste in all new structural arrangements for the protection of the public health, and to insure public confidence that the expenditure will be beneficial, securities should be taken that all new local public works are devised and conducted by responsible officers, qualified by the possession of the science and skill of civil engineers.

That the oppressiveness and injustice of levies for the whole immediate outlay on such works upon persons who have only short interests in the benefits, may be avoided by care in spreading the expense over periods coincident with the benefits.

That by appropriate arrangements, 10 or 15 per cent. on the ordinary outlay for drainage might be saved, which, on an estimate of the expense of the necessary structural alterations of one-third only of the existing tenements, would be a saving of one million and a half sterling, besides the reduction of the future expenses of management.

That for the prevention of the disease occasioned by defective ventilation, and other causes of impurity, in places of work and other places where large numbers are assembled, and for the general promotion of the means necessary to prevent disease, that it would be good economy to appoint a district medical officer, independent of private practice, and with the securities of special qualifications and responsibilities to initiate sanatory measures, and reclaim the execution of the law.

That by the combinations of all these arrangements, it is probable that the full insurable period of life indicated by the Swedish tables (that is, an increase of thirteen years at least) may be extended to the whole of the labouring-classes.

That the attainment of these and the other collateral advantages, of reducing existing charges and expenditure, are within the power of the legislature, and are dependent mainly on the securities taken for the application of practical science, skill, and economy in the direction of local public works.

And that the removal of noxious physical circumstances, and the promotion of civic, household, and personal cleanliness, are necessary to the improvement of the moral condition of the population; for that sound morality, and refinement in manners and health, are not long found co-existent with filthy habits amongst any class of the community."

ONE OF OUR FORGOTTEN POETS.

The names of Donne, Herrick, and Carew, are now well known to every lover of true poetry. Not so familiar is the name of Richard Crashaw; but it is one that merits to be associated with theirs, as the designation of a genuine son of the muses. Crashaw was one of the remarkable band of writers who, giving loose to the free notions that inspired the universal mind of England in the reign of the first Charles, shook off from the national literature the pedantic trammels in which the tastes of James I. had bound it, and restored to it the freshness and the fire of its earlier days. He was the son of a clergyman of the English church, and was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Educated in the first instance at the Charterhouse, he afterwards became a scholar of Pembroke-hall, and fellow of Peter-house, in the University of Cambridge. The fellowship was held by him in 1637, and at that time he had attained distinction as a preacher, and as a man of learning and poetical genius. His first efforts in verse were some Latin poems, published so early as 1634, and the fruit, most probably, of the academical leisure hours of his youth. These pieces possess very considerable merit. Besides his skill in the Latin tongue, Crashaw is said to have been master of the Greek and Hebrew, as well as of the Italian and Spanish languages.

Richard Crashaw was ejected from Peter-house in 1644 by the parliamentary army. After his ejection, he betook himself to France, and there embraced the Roman Catholic religion. It is unnecessary to inquire by what motives he was actuated on this occasion. Necessity was most probably the leading cause. His conversion enabled Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., to compensate so far his losses as a royalist, by recommending him to the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Italy; and on going thither, he was made a canon of Loretto, from which situation he derived sufficient emolument to maintain life in comfort.

Crashaw's English poems seem to have been published for the first time in 1647, under the title of "Steps to the Temple; Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses." As he had in all likelihood left England previously to the year mentioned, they may have been there issued by his friends, in order to procure him some little store of funds; and possibly Cowley or Herbert, both of them his warm friends and admirers, may have done him that service. Crashaw was of the same school of poetry with Cowley; a school by which ingenuity of similitudes appears to have been deemed the chief end of the bard, and the staple of his art. Though mingled at times with such a leaven of feeling and passion as redeems them from the character of mere glittering conceits, too many of the pieces of Crashaw, it must be admitted, exhibit the peculiar feature in question to a faulty excess. Yet, as has been said, he was a true poet, and the pursuit of erroneous models cannot hide the fact. The following verses, for example, though extremely fanciful, possess much tenderness. They are headed, "The Weeper:"—

"The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck.
Much rather would it tremble here,
And leave them both to be thy tear.

Not the soft gold which
Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow half so rich,
As the drops distilled from thee.
Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
Caskets of which Heaven keeps the keys.

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty—
For she is a queen—
Then she is dressed by none but thee.
Then and only then she wears
Her richest pearls—I mean thy tears.

Not in the evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the sun that dies,
Sits sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet."

More simple than the preceding lines, and more tender too, are the subjoined verses, forming an epitaph upon a husband and wife, who died and were buried together:—

"To these whom Death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For, though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Peace! good reader, do not weep!
Peace! the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn.
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they waken with that light
Whose day shall never sleep in night."

But we shall not take up our space with these slighter specimens of Crashaw. We wish to give as large a portion as possible of a more elaborate

piece, which is nominally a translation from the Latin of Strada, but in which the translator has far excelled his original, exhibiting, as an able critic says, "a wonderful power over the resources of our language," and producing an English poem of eminent beauty. It is entitled "Music's Duel," and the subject is the contest of the nightingale with the lutist, so finely treated by Ford in his "Lover's Melancholy." Crashaw opens the subject beautifully, and with the easy strength of a master :—

"Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sate
A sweet lute's master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood;
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she),
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report; and mould the same
In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival and her art.
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string,
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know
By that shrill taste she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness; and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
Through the clear passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He amazed,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tatt'ling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out: the grumbling base,
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
She gives them back; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song:
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubrick throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody,
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy choir,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lip'd angel imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing;
(Most divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train:
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note:
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is placed
Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame, now, and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face; yet, once again,
Mistress, I come: now, reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute."

The poet goes on to describe most vividly the succeeding effort of the lutist. It was beyond the powers of the bird, and the issue is thus told :—

"And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note:
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
She fails, and falling, grieves, and grieving, dies—
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!"

"Music's Duel" speaks itself to be the work of one, as our readers may now admit, whose very soul was steeped in music, and would alone entitle him to a place among the poets of his nation.

Richard Crashaw died in the situation of a canon of Loretto, in the year 1650.

PROGRESS OF VACCINATION.

In No. 458 of this Journal, a statement was made with the view of showing the excessive loss of human life, deprivation of sight, personal disfigurement and debility, which had from time to time resulted from small-pox; and some observations were given in support of the indisputable superiority of vaccination to inoculation with small-pox, both as a means of warding off the attacks of that terrible disease, and as being, unlike the system which it has supplanted, wholly unattended with the danger of contagion from a patient under the operation of vaccination. Attention was likewise pointed to the circumstance, and a brief abstract given of the leading provisions of an act of the legislature (3d and 4th Victoria, cap. 29), which had been passed with the humane object of encouraging the extension of vaccination, and of suppressing the practice of inoculation with small-pox, as in a high degree dangerous, and comparatively inoperative besides, by placing the latter in the catalogue of penal offences.

Since that time, the reports of the poor-law commissioners, to whom the duty of carrying this act into operation was confided, furnish some interesting information relative to the progress of legalised vaccination, both in England and Ireland. It may be worthy of remark, in passing, that Scotland was excluded from the operation of this act, for some reason which we are wholly unable to understand or explain, unless it was that there existed no machinery there similar to the English poor-law commission for carrying it into effect, and the greater difficulty and expense consequent on its introduction.

For the purpose of carrying the Vaccination Extension Act into effect, the commissioners directed each of the English poor-law unions to be divided into districts, and in each of such districts vaccination stations to be appointed, so numerous and so near to each other, that few persons would have to travel more than two miles to the station to have their children vaccinated, and ordinarily the distance would be much less. The local boards of guardians were also required to enter into contracts with properly qualified medical practitioners for the attendance and performance of vaccination at each of such stations periodically on a fixed day and hour. Where the population is sufficiently numerous to admit of it, the commissioners have preferred a weekly attendance by the vaccinators at each station, so that the persons vaccinated in one week are inspected the next; and from the cases so inspected, vaccine matter can at once be taken so as to vaccinate from arm to arm those who are then in attendance to be vaccinated. Where the population is less dense, they have recommended a series of weekly attendances during part of the year only; and where the population is scanty, and the stations numerous, they have acquiesced in a very limited number of attendances in the year at each station.

On the 1st of May 1841, the date of the seventh report, such arrangements as have been described, or similar, had been entered into in 533 out of 583 of the unions, for giving effect to the act; and between that time and the 1st of May of the present year, thirty-eight unions in which the provisions of the act are now in force had been added, besides twenty-two unions and parishes under local acts. Similar arrangements for vaccination under the act, differing only so far as to suit certain local peculiarities, have also been made in the unions in Ireland, as these have from time to time been formed. Up to the 25th of March last, vaccination contracts had been entered into throughout the whole of eighty-eight unions in Ireland, and partially in twelve others, embracing a population of nearly five millions and a half; and the total number of persons returned as successfully vaccinated up to the last-mentioned date was 104,713. The commissioners have been desirous of obtaining information from the tables published by the registrar-general, as to the mortality arising from small-pox, which has taken place since the passing of the vaccination act, as compared with the mortality, from the same cause, known to have taken place in former years; but from the very recent introduction of the machinery for vaccination throughout the kingdom, the returns published do not as yet embrace any part of the time since the passing of the act, though they ultimately will.

There have been many obstacles opposed to the introduction and progress of the vaccination act, which have been only partially removed. Although it was perhaps more especially passed with the view of extending the practice of vaccination among the *poor*, still, in point of fact, no distinction of that kind is made in the act, which provides for the vaccination of the whole community alike, without reference as to whether the applicants for vaccination are paupers or not. We fear this has never been generally understood, and that the misapprehension which prevails on this point originated in the introduction of the act being intrusted to the poor-law commissioners. It has been found that many persons have not availed themselves of the benefit thus provided by the legislature, from an apprehension that the acceptance of it would, so far as respects the elective franchise, be tantamount to the acceptance of relief or alms, and so operate to disfranchise the party whose child might thus be vaccinated. Others of the guardians refused taking proceedings because they have doubted whether the act authorised the payment of the remuneration for vaccination out of the poor-rates. Both these doubts, however, have now been completely removed by a short amending act (4th and 5th Vict., cap. 32) recently passed, which expressly enables the guardians to defray the expenses of vaccination out of the poor rates, and also declares that vaccination under the act shall not be considered to be parochial relief, and that no person shall be deprived of any right, or subject to any disability, by reason of such vaccination.

The most serious obstacle which impedes the progress of vaccination, and more particularly in Ireland, is the difficulty which the vaccinator finds in inducing persons who bring their children to the stations to be vaccinated, to return on his next visit and afford him the opportunity of judging whether or not the vaccination has been successful. Others of them evince the greatest unwillingness to permit a supply of lymph to be taken from their children, which is necessary for the vaccination of others, and not in the slightest degree hurtful to those from whom it is taken. The failure to return at the proper time to enable the vaccinator to inspect the progress of the operation is attended with three bad consequences; it prevents him from certifying the successful result of the vaccination, which is the most important point of all; it has the effect of limiting the necessary supply of lymph or cow-pox *virus*; and it goes to deprive the vaccinator of his remuneration, which is sufficiently small as it is, by disabling him from furnishing the requisite certificate of successful vaccination, upon which his remuneration depends. In Ireland, efforts have been made to obviate these difficulties, by compelling the parties to leave a deposit of sixpence or a shilling, which is to be returned on the successful issue of the case, and provided the child is brought on the prescribed days, and that liberty is given to take lymph from the vesicle; which have had the desired effect in most cases of insuring the return of the parties.

Some degree of prejudice, too, prevails, especially in Ireland, against the use of cow-pox, but this is stated to be rapidly wearing away. It is likewise to be feared that a great deal of ignorance still exists in all parts of the kingdom as to the provision made by the legislature in respect to vaccination, and the arrangements made for carrying this provision into effect. We hope to be instrumental in some degree of conveying information relative to this important subject into quarters which it may not yet have reached.

We say to every parent in England and Ireland having children to vaccinate, "Go instantly to the proper vaccinating station of your district, and get the operation performed according to the rules laid down by the medical attendant. You cannot be too thankful for the offer of so great a boon, free of either expense or trouble, and which is so likely to save the lives of your offspring." We may add, "How much better off are you than the people of Scotland, who are born and vaccinated, no one cares how, and of whose children great numbers perish for want of those institutions with which you have been blessed!"

FISHING IN THE OHIO.

Mr Audubon, the ingenious American naturalist, in one of his volumes of ornithology, presents the following simple sketch of the mode of fishing in the Ohio, many years ago, or at least previous to the introduction of steam navigation on the western waters :—

"It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I recall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent on the shores of Ohio. The visions of former years crowd on my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and genial atmosphere of our great western garden, Kentucky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that flows along its western boundary. Methinks I am now on the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my life have returned to me; my sinews are strong, and the 'bowstring of my spirit is not slack;' bright visions of the future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank gazing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense forests of lofty trees and thickly-tangled undergrowth, amid which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, and from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits and beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But now the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British Athens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Biography, and having before me sundry well-thumbed and weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be able to extract some interesting particulars respecting the methods employed in those days in catching cat-fish.

But before entering on my subject, I will present you with a brief description of the place of my residence on the banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Henderson in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses; the former of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a log-*cabin*, not a log-*house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather scarce; but our neighbours were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single

smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasures of a modern Crœsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing-lines our most serviceable implements; for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a 'man of business,' and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task, accordingly, we directed all our energies.

Quantity as well as quality was an object with us, and although we well knew that three species of cat-fish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous 'trot-line.' Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As the Ohio, at Henderson, is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as cat-fishes weigh from one to a hundred pounds, we manufactured a line which measured about two hundred yards in length, as thick as the little finger of some fair one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's finger well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, just, let me tell you, because that substance stands the water better than either hemp or flax. The main line finished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five feet in length, to each of which we fastened a capital hook of Kirby and Co.'s manufacture. Now for the bait.

It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad myriads of living beings; they covered the earth, glided through the water, and swarmed in the air. The cat-fish is a voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one who, like the vulture, contents himself with carrion when nothing better can be had. A few experiments proved to us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure them to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at that season, to *live toads*. These animals were very abundant about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether by instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more than at any other time, especially after a shower, and are unable to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several hours before and after noon. We have a good number of these crawling things in America, particularly in the western and southern parts of the Union, and are very well supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even crocodiles, which we call alligators; but there is enough of food for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep about, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accordance with the habits which have been given them by the great Conductor of all.

During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we found an abundant supply of toads. Many 'fine ladies,' no doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and gone into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets filled with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortunately we had no tragedy queen or sentimental spinster at Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own affairs, and seldom meddle with those of others, farther than to do all they can for their comfort. The toads, collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

My assistant follows me with a gaff-hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. [Arriving at the station, and the hooks being baited with toads,] the line is left in the river, and there *it* may patiently wait, until I visit it towards night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and, accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer? It is barely four o'clock; and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! The nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the bear is moving through the dark canebrake; the land-crows are flying towards their roosts; their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests; the squirrel is barking his adieu, and the barred owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat, to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main-line is in my hands; now it shakes; surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the first hook. Nothing there. But now I feel several jerks stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but see! what a fine cat-fish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast. Nat, look to your gaff; hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow. There now, we have him! More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end, many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of our skiff. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I congratulate myself and my companions on the success of our efforts, for there lies fish enough for ourselves and our neighbours.

Several species or varieties of cat-fish are found in the Ohio, namely, the blue, the white, and the mud cats, which differ considerably in their form and colour, as well as in their habits. The mud cat is the best, although it seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The blue cat is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to six pounds, it affords tolerable eating. The white cat is preferable to the last, but not so common; and the yellow mud cat is the best and rarest. Of the blue kind, some have been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such fishes, however, are looked upon as monsters.

When the waters are rising fast, and have become muddy, a single line is used for catching cat-fish. It is fastened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet above the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in length. The entrails of a wild turkey, or a piece of fresh venison, furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your line the next morning after you have set it, the water has not risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates that a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul the prize ashore.

One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great rate, although it was still within its banks. I knew that the white perch were running, that is, ascending the river from the sea, and anxious to have a tasting of that fine fish, I baited a line with a cray-fish, and fastened it to the bough of a tree. Next morning, as I pulled in the line, it felt as if fast to the bottom, yet, on drawing it slowly, I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong pull, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant a large cat-fish leaped out of the water. I played it for a while, until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. It had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to its head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, a servant and I tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, to our surprise we found in its stomach a fine white perch, dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the cat-fish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the cat-fish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbours. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., who formerly resided at Shippingport in Kentucky, but now in New York (a better fisher than whom I never knew), once placed a trot-line in 'the basin' below 'Tarascon's Mills,' at the foot of the rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line, we obtained a remarkably fine cat-fish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking pig.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON.

[From a Newspaper.]

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He found himself very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expenses his malady occasioned him. The hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a paillasse and a chair, and all the sustenance a little barley water, refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madam and Mademoiselle Agiee, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air; they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiee being nearly fifty. These two ladies were clever and well-informed; but, according to an unfortunate habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiee through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure that the sick man should be removed, without delay, to a comfortable chamber.

The humane waiting-maid, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying, that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days and even weeks passed thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was, in the expression of his countenance, something that commanded respect—which, perhaps, even excited fear: the good woman named her mistress, and with all possible delicacy related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He intreated to see Mademoiselle Agiee, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude. He was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit. She remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should no longer be forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiee passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence; and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiee: she smiled as she listened to him. "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he, in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general, and perhaps"—— but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiee, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your family or country. By your accent I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiee every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with money necessary to enable him to rejoin the regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! you will hear of me." He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiee returned with her mother to Geneva. Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiee, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the success of her protégé, who, meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when, some time before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way to Italy; he could only stop a few hours; he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady, named Agiee, very ugly and old, and to bring her to him: such were his directions. The aide-de-camp soon succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiee. She had become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, at Versoix; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee, on this rencontre, may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of everything when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiee passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans; and on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons, "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of Napoleon's coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her beyond what was indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age and infirmities, the day after the general's arrival she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carousal, opposite to the Palace of the Tuileries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte; and, in short, a completely furnished mansion and a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give pleasure. She had a long audience with Napoleon; and he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs.

On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her; but I believe her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon till her death, which happened in 1822. It was from herself that I received the details I have given. It is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest. Besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence; no matter what country they belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart will not wait to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rouchefoucault, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carousal.

CONSUMPTION IN MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE greater part of the sitting of the Parisian Academy of Science of July 25, was occupied with the reading of a paper by M. Rayer, on consumption in man and the lower animals. M. Rayer remarks, that animals in a state of nature are particularly subject to the development of parasitical insects, but that, with few exceptions, they are not subject to tubercles in the lungs, or in any of the other organs. The case, however, is very different in the vertebrated classes in a state of domesticity and captivity, particularly in the former. In the monkey, when removed from its native climate, phthisis is, he says, a very common disease. M. Wolfthigel relates a case of a tiger affected with phthisis; Perrault mentions a lion; Youatt and Martin speak of a tiger and a lion thus affected. Owen found the same disease in a kinkajou. M. Rayer states that he found tubercles and their excavations in the lungs of a jaguar. In the domestic dog consumption is of rare occurrence, but inflammation of the lungs is very common. Of two hundred and forty-two dogs examined, two were phthisical, and thirty-one had general symptoms of inflammation of the lungs. In the division of the animals called *rongeurs*, consumption is rare; examples, however, have been found of this disease in rabbits, squirrels, and guinea-pigs, particularly when in a state of domesticity. M. Rayer could never discover tubercles in rats. M. Morand states that the prevailing disease with the latter is stone in the kidneys. In the domestic and captive ruminating animals, for instance, in

the stag and chamois, consumption is common. M. Rayer found hydatids and tubercles in the lungs of the camel. Spooner found several vermicæ and hydatids in the lungs of the dromedary. Milch cows, particularly those in and near Paris, are frequently attacked with this disease. This is not, however, the case with milch goats; but the she-ass is not entirely exempt. Hence, M. Rayer concludes that it would be more reasonable to prescribe to consumptive patients the use of goats' milk than that of the ass, and the milk of the ass in preference to the milk of the cow. In the pachydermous tribe, Perrault has observed consumption, particularly in the female elephant. Consumption, attended with the ordinary symptoms observable in man, has also been found in the pig, and in the porpoise or sea-pig, and in a variety of other animals. The relative frequency of consumption in man, in the different races scattered over the world, is, says M. Rayer, but little known. It is, however, certain that negroes are little subject to it in their native climes, although they frequently fall victims to this dreadful disease in passing from one climate to another, especially when they remove into northern latitudes; on the contrary, certain animals, such as the reindeer, when conveyed from north to south, die of tubercles in the lungs and other inflammatory symptoms. This has been particularly noticed in lamas. In the mammiferous animals, the pus which is found in their system is composed of granulated globules, but in their tubercles no such appearance has been observed. This distinction does not exist in birds, as was ascertained by examining their morbid structure by means of the microscope. A chronic disease, with progressive wasting away, and the existence of small brown masses, easy of separation, similar to the small yellow grains in the liver or other organs, are the only character of consumption in the various tribes of birds. The removal of animals from one climate to another, and from liberty to captivity, is, as already observed, according to M. Rayer, the grand cause of consumption. He mentions, among other animals thus affected, owls, parrots, fowls, pigeons, pheasants, the heron, the stork, bullfinch, the blackbird, the jay, and the magpie. M. Gruby declares that he has found tubercles in the lungs of the frog, but M. Rayer states that he has never been able to ascertain the existence of any such lesion in this animal. Mr Harrison pretends also to have found tuberculous matter in reptiles; and M. Rayer mentions that he did find in a boa certain deposits of matter analogous to the tuberculous secretion of other animals. He has great doubts, however, whether any similar morbid changes are to be found in the organs of fishes and insects, contrary to the statement made by Messrs Harrison and Newport. In concluding this part of his paper, M. Rayer says that tuberculous affections are the most common of the chronic diseases of animal life in the classes which he has named. Proceeding to some general considerations on the nature of consumption, he asserts that it is hereditary, but scarcely ever congenital. M. Rayer also further adds, that ulcer of the larynx, of the windpipe, and of the bronchia, are not to be found alike in man and in the lower animals. In the human race these ulcers almost always indicate pulmonary consumption, and occasionally syphilis. As in animals captivity and domesticity are the great causes of consumption, so in man are misery and fatigue. He is decidedly of opinion that the proximate cause of tuberculous consumption arises from changes in nutrition; and hence he concludes that, in relation to tubercles, science, excepting in rare cases, is not only absolutely powerless as regards cure, but also as regards prevention. In winding up his memoir, M. Rayer, in illustration of the exceptions to the general principles which he has laid down as to these pathological changes, cites the case of a fox in a wild state, and the lungs of which were quite covered with tubercles; and also that of a woman in savage life, who died with all the symptoms of phthisical destruction.—*From a Newspaper.*

LOCAL DISTINCTIONS.

In Mr Carleton's introduction to the new series of his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," he utters, in our opinion, a most unreasonable lamentation over the settlement of Irish writers in England, thus, as he alleges, depriving their native country of the direct benefit of their labours.

"A nation," he observes, "may produce one man or ten men of eminence, but if they cannot succeed in impressing their mind upon the spirit and intellect of their own country, so as to create *in her* a taste for literature or science, no matter how highly they may be appreciated by strangers, they have not reached the exalted purposes of genius. To make this more plain, I shall extend the metaphor a little farther. During some of the years of Irish famine, such were the unhappy circumstances of the country, that she was exporting provisions of every description in the most prodigal abundance, which the generosity of England was sending back again for our support. So was it with literature. Our men and women of genius uniformly carried their talents to the English market, whilst we laboured at home under all the dark privations of a literary famine.

In truth, until within the last ten or twelve years, an Irish author never thought of publishing in his own country, and the consequence was, that our literary men followed the example of our great landlords; they became absentees, and drained the country of its intellectual wealth precisely as the others exhausted it of its rents.

Thus did Ireland stand in the singular anomaly of adding some of her most distinguished names to the literature of Great Britain, whilst she herself remained incapable of presenting anything to the world beyond a school-book or a pamphlet; and even of the latter, it is well known that if the subject of it were considered important, and its author a man of any talent or station in society, it was certain to be published in London.

Precisely in this state was the country when the two first volumes of the 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry' were given to the public by the house of Messrs Curry and Co. of Sackville Street. Before they appeared, their author, in consequence of their originating from an Irish press, entertained no expectation that they would be read, or excite any interest whatever, in either England or Scotland. He was not, however, without a strong confidence that, notwithstanding the wild and uncleared state of his own country at the time, so far as native literature was concerned, his two little pioneers would work their way with at least moderate success. He felt conscious that everything depicted in them was true, and that, by those who were acquainted with the manners, and language, and feelings of the people, they would sooner or later be recognised as faithful delineations of Irish life. In this confidence the event justified him; for not only were his volumes stamped with an immediate popularity at home, where they could be best appreciated, but awarded a very gratifying position in the literature of the day by the unanimous and not less generous verdict of the English and Scotch critics.

Thus it was that the publication of two unpretending volumes, written by a peasant's son, established an important and gratifying fact—that our native country, if without a literature at the time, was at least capable of appreciating, and willing to foster, the humble exertions of such as endeavoured to create one. Nor was this all: for so far as resident authors were concerned, it was now clearly established that an Irish writer could be successful at home without the necessity of appearing under the name and sanction of the great London or Edinburgh booksellers."

We are glad of the success of Mr Carleton through the agency of Dublin publishers; we are also glad that Irish booksellers have the spirit to compete with London and Edinburgh houses; but we take leave to say that, as a general principle, it ought to be a matter of indifference whether Irish writers stay at home or remove to England. Mr Carleton, like many persons, apparently wishes to keep up distinctions of country, which it were well if completely obliterated. The three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are now all one; and of what consequence is it *to the public at large* where a person resides, or where his book is published—whether in the county of Dublin, Mid-Lothian, or Middlesex? *Native* literature! *Native* talent! It is with such terms that mankind vex themselves, and keep alive feelings of strife and rivalry that ought for ever to be buried in oblivion.

AN EXAMPLE TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

Amongst the instances of practical attention to the improvement of the physical condition of labouring classes in the agricultural districts, I may notice the following statement made to me by the late Mr Monck of Coley House, Reading, who had bestowed much care upon the cottages on his own estate. It comprehends the provision adverted to:—"The care taken of these cottages and gardens," said he, "affords an excellent criterion of the character of the labourers. I have paid especial attention to those labourers who have displayed cleanliness and order; and I pay the most respect to those who have achieved a situation of the greatest comfort, and keep themselves and their houses cleanly, and their children tidy. Formerly, the cottages were in bad order, their pavements and windows were broken; I had them all paved, and their windows glazed. I told the cottagers that I did not like to see shabby broken windows with patches of paper and things stuffed in, or broken pavements which they could not clean; and that I disliked Irish filth, and all Irish habits of living. I engaged, after the cottages were thoroughly repaired, to pay L.1 a-year for repairing them. I undertook to make the repairs myself, and deduct the expense from this L.1; but if no repairs were wanted, they were to have the whole L.1 themselves. This course has, I find, formed habits of care; and their cottages are now so well taken care of, that very little deduction is made annually from the L.1. Formerly, they used to chop wood carelessly on their pavements, and break them; now they abstain from the practice, or do it in a careful manner, to avoid losing the money. In the winter, I give them two score of faggots towards their fuel. I have found that by this means I save my hedges and fences, and am pecuniarily no loser, whilst pilfering habits are repressed. Since the enclosures have been made, I think some place should be provided for the exercise and recreation of the working-classes, and especially for their children. I have set out four acres at Oldworth as a play-ground for the children, or whoever likes to play. They have now their cricket-matches, their quoit-playing, and their revels there. Sheep and cows feed on it, so that it is no great loss to me. I let it for L.4 a-year to a man, on condition that he cuts the hedges and keeps it neat. I have surrounded it with a double avenue of trees. The sheep and cows do good to the ground, as they keep the grass under, which allows the ball to run. I give prizes to the boys at the school, which is maintained by the cottagers themselves, and to which I contribute nothing but the prizes for reading, writing, and knitting.

Many persons accuse the poor of ingratitude, but I find them the most grateful people alive for these little attentions. And what do they all cost me? Why, not more altogether than the keep of one fat coach-horse."—*Chadwick's Sanatory Report.*

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

The following calculation of a late weekly return of 38 railways, 1387 miles in length, will be of interest:—Number of passengers on 25 railways 315,986½, consequently the total for the week must be about 400,000. The receipts for passengers on 37 railways L.68,087, 16s. 3d.; ditto for goods on 31 railways L.16,129, 5s. 3d.; total L.84,217, 1s. 6d. This is an average of L.63 per mile per week. The traffic, therefore, is certainly at the rate of about L.4,000,000 a-year, and carrying 15,000,000 of passengers.—*Railway Magazine.*

ADVICE TO LADIES.

Captain Sabretash, in his lately published work, "The Art of Conversation," gives the following good advice to ladies:—"My fair friends, never scold servants. Instruct, reprove, admonish, as much as may be necessary; give warning, or, if need be, turn the worthless out of the house, but never descend to scolding or to the use of rude or harsh language; for there is, in truth, something very undignified in the practice. There are no doubt plenty of bad servants, but there are more bad masters and mistresses in proportion, and for this very evident reason, that it is the object and interest of servants to please their masters; whereas the latter are independent of the former, and need take no trouble about the matter: and as there is effort on one side and none on the other, the result will naturally be on the side of those who make at least a fair attempt. Besides, bad masters often make bad servants, when the servants cannot well influence the conduct of the masters. And even the humble individual who writes these lines can assure the reader that he has known grief, shame, sorrow, and affliction fall upon poor servants, particularly female servants, owing to the undeserved harshness with which they had been treated by ladies, who could be all smiles and blandness to persons of high degree. You do not know, my pretty dears, how much a foolish fit of passion may ultimately give you to answer for.

If people could only see the undignified figure they make when in a towering rage, the chances are that they would contrive to keep their temper rather more within bounds. We may excuse anger, and even passion perhaps, where the name, fame, or character of friends and relatives are assailed; but to fly into a fury about broken plates or overdone mutton, is to show a want of mental composure, that few would like to have described in its proper light and called by its proper name. Recollect that servants are made of the same clay, and may possess feelings—kind, generous, and just feelings too—as well as their superiors; and is it not casting a stain upon ourselves to rail, with ignoble language, at those who are made in the same high image of which it is our best boast on earth to bear the faintest impress? Let us hear no more of scolding servants, therefore: if you will scold, my dear lady fair, scold your husband; and if he is a sensible man, he will pat your cheek, give you a kiss, and laugh at you for your pains."

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

There is a certain constitution of mind, which, of all others, is the most likely to make our fortunes if combined with talent, or to mar them without it; for the errors of such minds are few but fatal. I allude to those characters who have a kind of mathematical decision about them, which dictates that a straight line is the shortest distance between any two points, and that small bodies *with* velocity have a greater momentum than large masses *without* it. Thus, they would rather use a *cannon ball* than a *battering ram*. With such minds, to resolve and to act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time—to foresee events in the chrysalis of their causes—and to seize that moment for execution which others waste in deliberation.—*Lacon.*

THE INSOLVENT NEGRO.

A negro of one of the kingdoms on the African coast, who had become insolvent, surrendered himself to his creditor; who, according to the established custom of the country, sold him to the Danes. This affected his son so much, that he came and reproached his father for not rather selling his children to pay his debts; and after much intreaty, he prevailed on the captain to accept him, and liberate his father. The son was put in chains, and on the point of sailing to the West Indies; when the circumstance coming to the knowledge of the governor, through the means of Mr Isert, he sent for the owner of the slaves, paid the money that he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

WOMEN OF FORTY AND FIFTY.

The man who is ashamed of his poverty would be proud of his riches; but though many a hobble-de-hoy blushes at looking so young, he makes no boast of his years when he comes to be a grey-beard. To women, whose youth and beauty sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old with a good grace, especially as they approach that semi-centenarian bourne, beyond which, unless they possess the Medean secret of Ninon de l'Enclos, they cannot hope to extend the preservation of their good looks. None of them can expect to rival a living, I might say an undying, contemporary, who will be known as middle-age Hallam, even when he shall have accomplished his three-score years and ten. Women aspire not to any such mediæval celebrity, for to them the middle ages are the dark ages. It was said of a lady, who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on the piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty. But the trial of trials comes ten years later. To that female, therefore, be awarded the palm of *fortitudinis fortitudo fortissima*, who has shown that she knows how to bear her fifty-tude with fortitude.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

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